War-Time Hymns

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War-Time Hymns For Use In Our Churches
Edited by
W. P. Merrill, D.D.
& Clarence Dickinson
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Thou Who broodest over chaos,
Ever bringing worlds to birth,
Move above the mad confusion
Of this battlefield of earth;
From the loss and desolation
Shape a life of nobler worth.

Let not all the wounds be wasted,
Nor these dead have died in vain;
By this war let war be smitten,
Nevermore to rise again;
Set above all kings triumphant
Him Whose right it is to reign.

Let our Babel lie in fragments,
Shattered by Thine iron rod;
Let a mighty growth of freedom
Blossom from the blood-soaked sod;
On the ruin of the nations
Rear the Commonwealth of God.

William Pierson Merrill.

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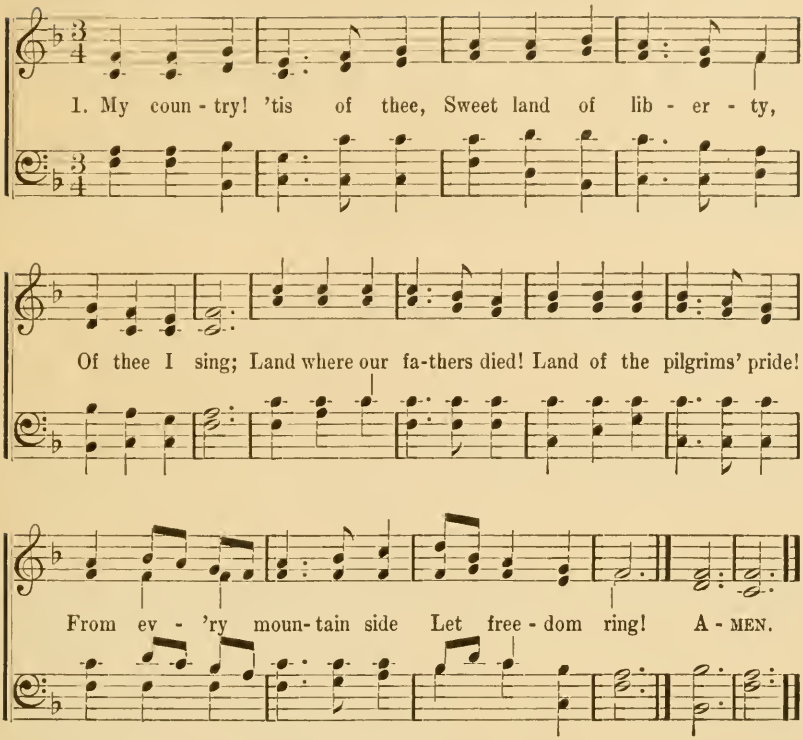
1 AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. HARMONIA ANGLICANA, c. 1743



2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith, 1832

2 THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH, 1750-1836
Harmonized by CLARENCE DICKINSON

f Maestoso.

1. Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,

What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi- light's last gleam - ing?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the per - il - ous fight,

O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly stream- ing?

And the rock - ets red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,

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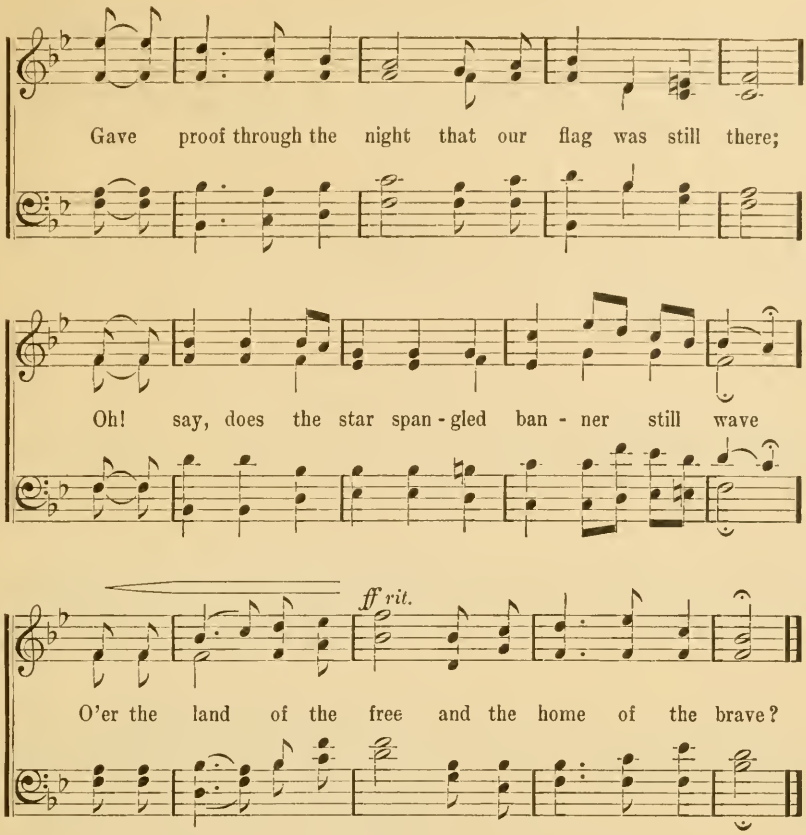

2 On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

3 Oh! thus be it e'er when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven's-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then, conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Francis Scott Key, 1779-1843

3 BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Harmonized by
CLARENCE DICKINSON

mf Alla Marcia.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com- ing of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fate - ful light'ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword;

f *ff*

His truth is marching on. Glo - ry! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah,

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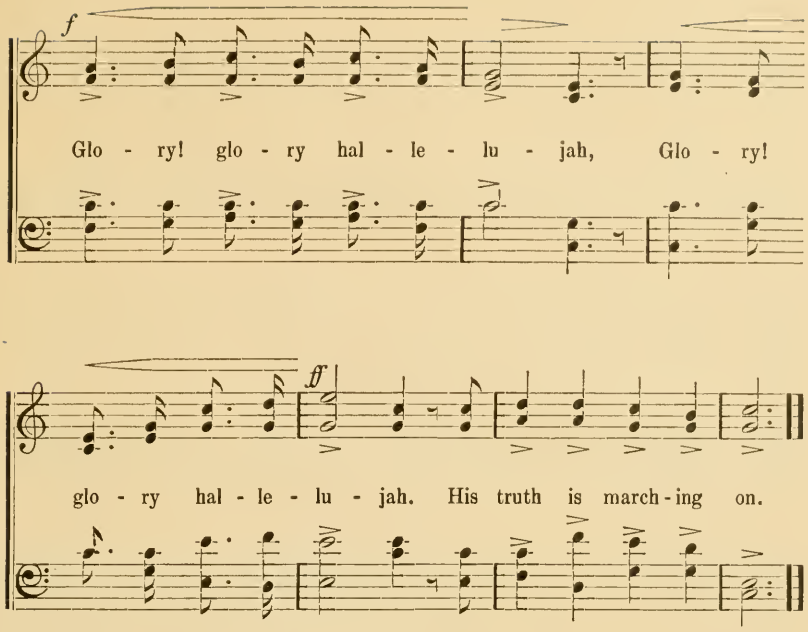


2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.
Glory! glory hallelujah, Glory! glory hallelujah,
Glory! glory hallelujah, His day is marching on.

3 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
Glory! glory hallelujah, Glory! glory hallelujah,
Glory! glory hallelujah, Our God is marching on.

4 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
Glory! glory hallelujah, Glory! glory hallelujah,
Glory! glory hallelujah, While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe

4 MATERNA C. M. D. S. A. WARD, 1875

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,

For pur - ple mountain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with brother-hood, From sea to shin - ing sea! A - MEN.

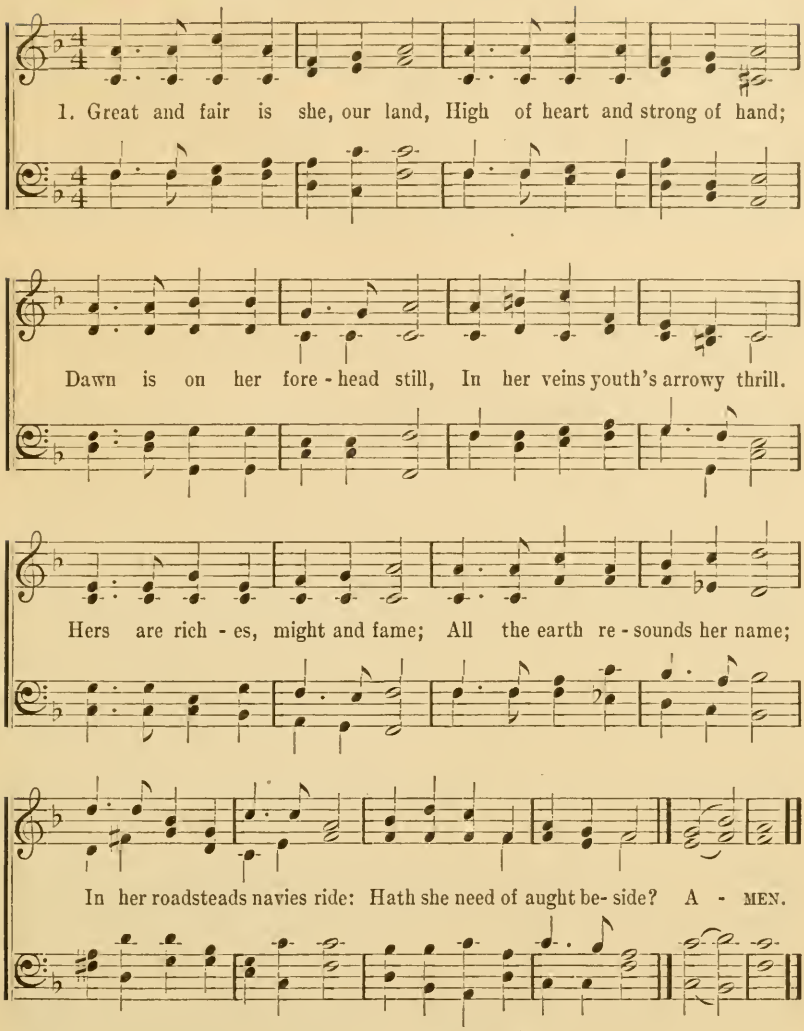
2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

3 O beautiful for glorious tale
Of liberating strife,
When valiantly, for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

4 O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Katherine Lee Bates, 1895

5 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. GEO. J. ELVEY, 1858



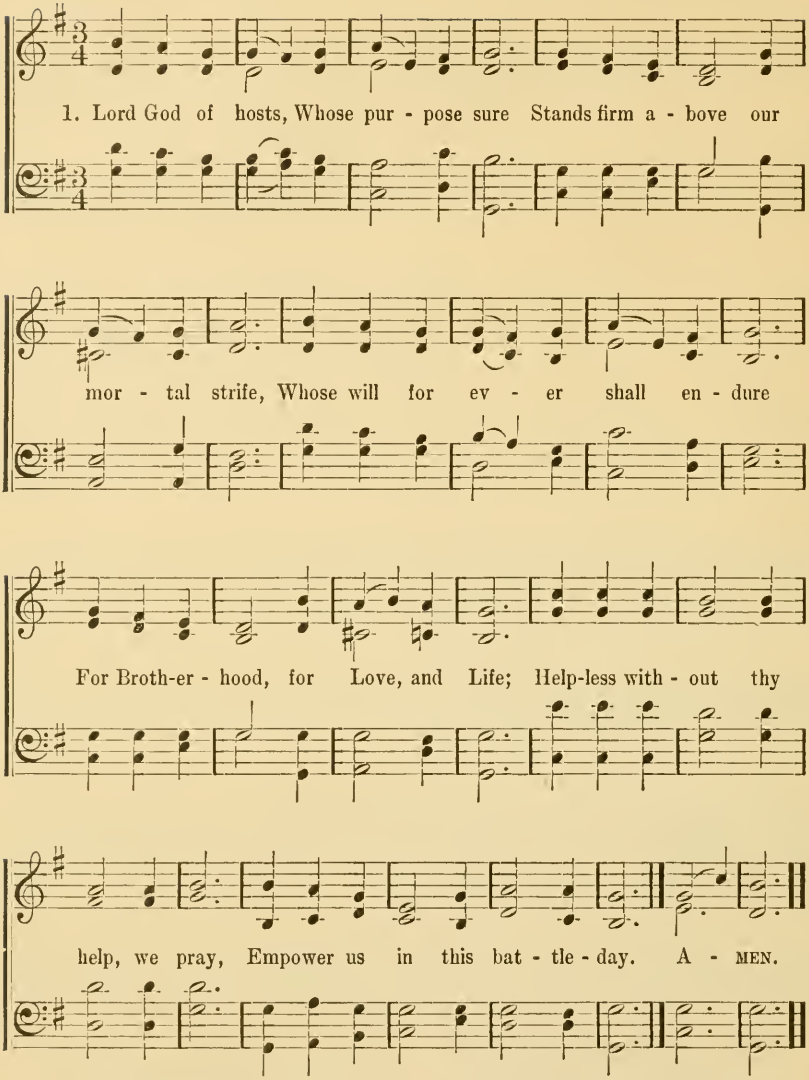
2 Power Unseen, before whose eyes
Nations fall and nations rise,
Grant she climb not to her goal
All-forgetful of the Soul!
Firm in honor be she found,
Justice-armed and mercy-crowned,
Blest in labor, blest in ease,
Blest in noiseless charities.

3 Unenslaved by things that must
Yield full soon to moth and rust
Let her hold a light on high
Men unborn may travel by.
Mightier still she then shall stand,
Moulded by Thy secret hand,
Power Eternal, at whose call
Nations rise and nations fall!

William Watson, 1910

6 ST. CATHERINE L. M. 61.

HENRY F. HEMY, 1865
Adapted by J. G. WALTON, 1871



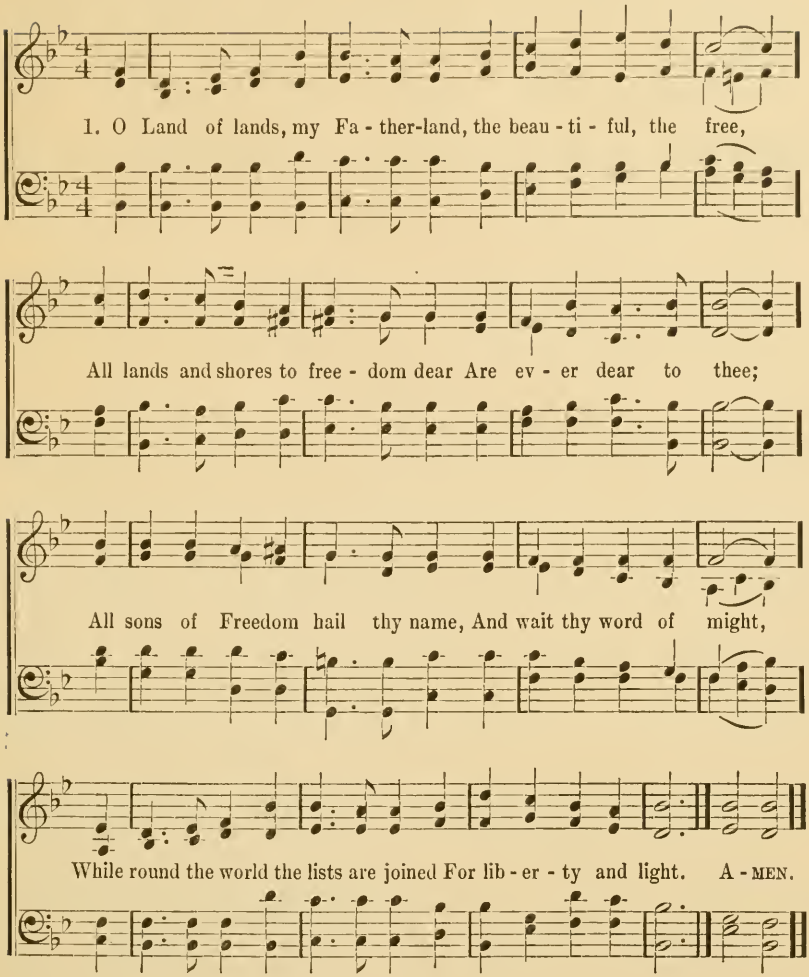
2 Within Thy hands the nations are,
By Thee they wane, by Thee increase,
Thou scourgest with the rod of War,
Thou healest with the wand of Peace;
Reborn in this dark hour of pain,
Renew our strength of soul again.

3 O God, forgive our sins of ease,
And ere this time of war be done,
May all the nations on their knees
Confess that Thou art God alone;
Show us that Love not Hate is might,
And crown, O Lord, the cause of Right.

H. D. Rawnsley

7 ALL SAINTS (Cutler) C. M. D.

HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER, 1872



2 Hail sons of France, old comrades dear!
Hail Britons brave and true!
Hail Belgian martyrs ringed with flame!
Slavs fired with visions new!
Italian lovers mailed with light!
Dark brothers from Japan!
From East to West all lands are kin
Who live for God and man.

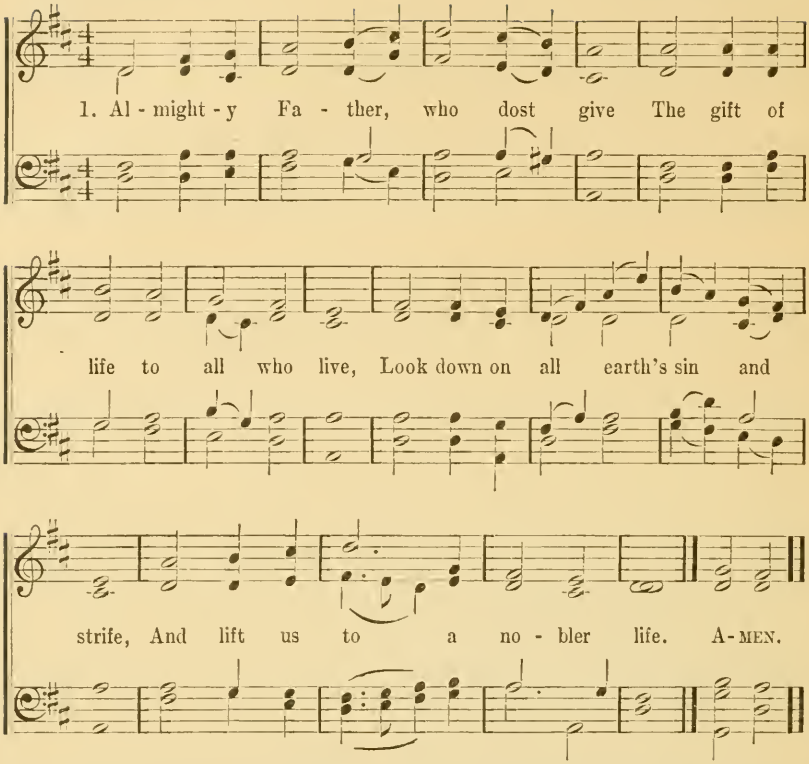
3 Here endeth war! Our bands are sworn!
Now dawns the better hour
When lust of blood shall cease to rule,
When Peace shall come with power;
We front the fiend that rends our race
And fills our homes with gloom:
We break his scepter, spurn his crown,
And nail him in his tomb!

4 Now, hands all round, our troth we plight
To rid the world of lies,
To fill all hearts with truth and trust
And willing sacrifice;
To free all lands from hate and spite
And fear from strand to strand;
To make all nations neighbors and
The world one Fatherland!

Washington Gladden

8 DUKE STREET L. M.

JOHN HATTON, c. 1763



2 Lift up our hearts, O King of kings,
To brighter hopes and kindlier things,
To visions of a larger good,
And holier dreams of brotherhood.

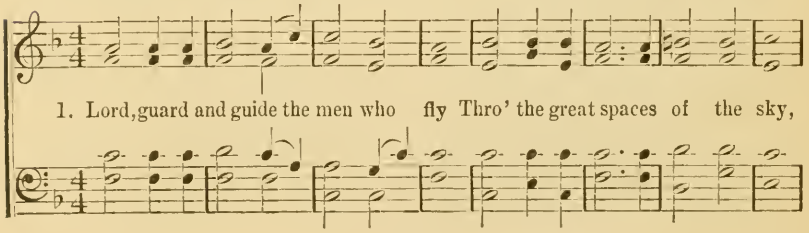
3 Thy world is weary of its pain,
Of selfish greed and fruitless gain,
Of tarnished honor, falsely strong,
And all its ancient deeds of wrong.

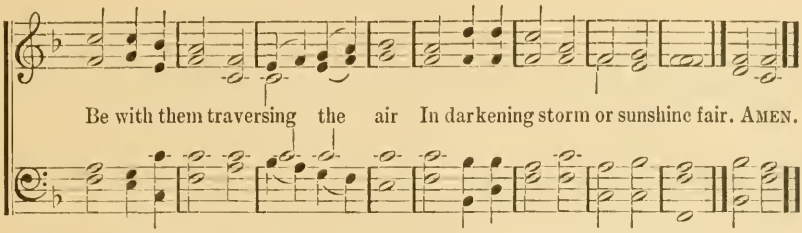
4 Hear Thou the prayer Thy servants pray,
Uprising from all lands to-day,
And o'er the vanquished powers of sin,
O bring Thy great salvation in.

J. H. B. Masterman

9 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER, 1832





2 Thou who dost keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight,
Thou of the tempered winds be near,
That, having thee, they know no fear.

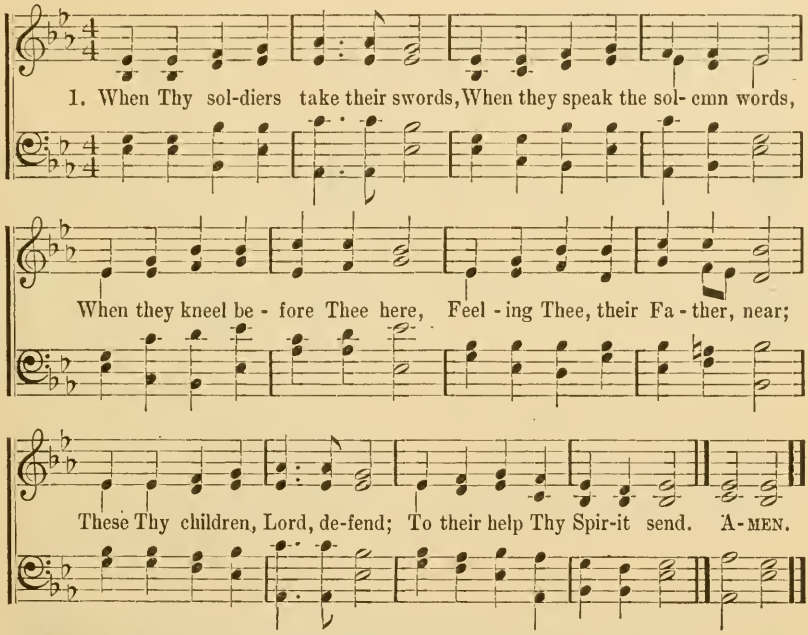
3 Control their minds, with instinct fit
What time, adventuring, they quit
The firm security of land:
Grant steadfast eye and skilful hand.

4 Aloft in solitudes of space
Uphold them with Thy saving Grace.
O God, protect the men who fly
Through lonely ways beneath the sky.

Mary C. D. Hamilton

10 GETHSEMANE 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853



2 When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight,
Knowing not temptation's might;
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.

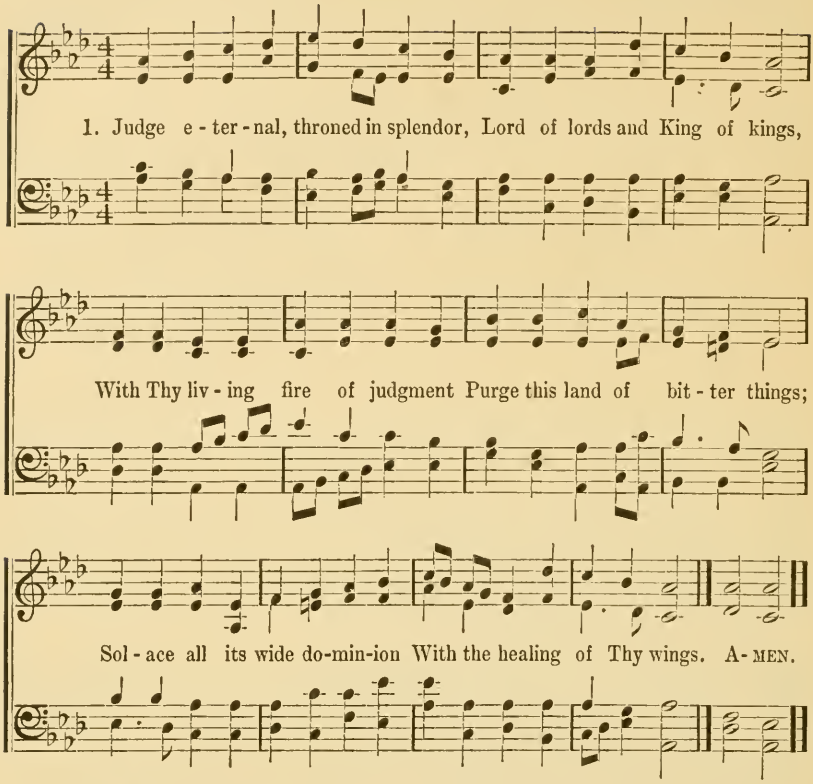
3 When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the Conqueror's pride;
Lest they grow self-satisfied,
These Thy children, Lord, defend:
Teach their souls to Thee to bend.

4 When the vows that they have made,
When the prayers that they have prayed,
Shall be fading from their hearts;
When their first warm faith departs;
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
Keep them faithful to the end.

Frances Mary Owen, 1872

11 ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782



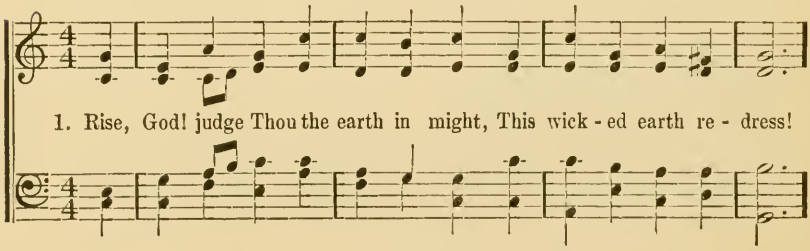
2 Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release,
And the city's crowded clangor
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

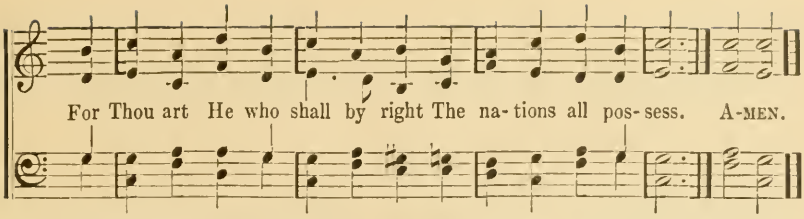
3 Crown, O God, Thine own endeavor;
Cleave our darkness with Thy sword;
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of Thy Word;
Cleanse the body of this nation
Through the glory of the Lord.

Henry Scott Holland, 1902, 9

12 ST. ANNE C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708





2 Before Thee righteousness shall go,
Thy royal harbinger.
Then wilt Thou come, and not be slow;
Thy footsteps cannot err.

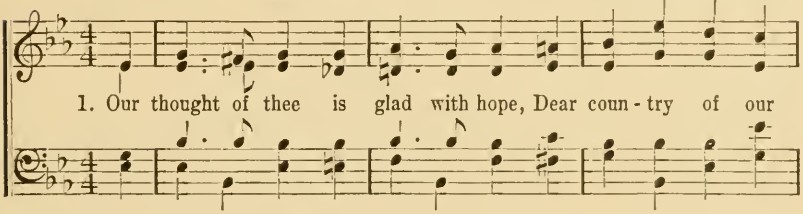
3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

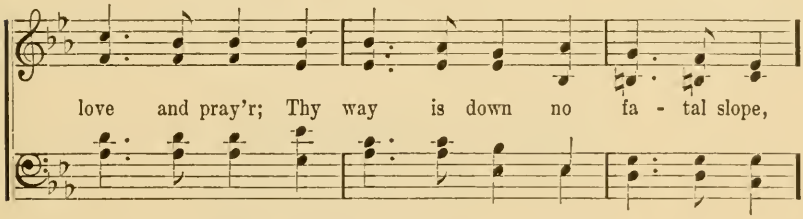
4 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy name.

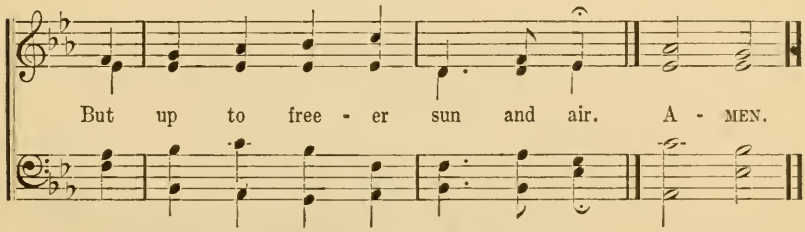
5 For great Thou art, and wonders great
By Thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in Thine everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

Adapted from John Milton's Paraphrases of the Psalms.

13 WALTHAM L. M. JOHN B. CALKIN, 1872







2 Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made,
In future tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

3 Great, without seeking to be great
By fraud of conquest; rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

4 With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due;—
So runs our loyal dream of thee;
God of our fathers! make it true.

5 O land of lands! to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

John G. Whittier

14 MELITA 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. J. B. DYKES, 1861

1. Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand, Do - min- ion holds on sea and land,

In peace and war Thy Will we see Shap- ing the lar - ger lib - er - ty.

Nations may rise andnations fall, Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all. A-MEN.

2 When Death flies swift on wave or field,
Be Thou a sure defence and shield!
Console and succour those who fall,
And help and hearten each and all!
O hear a people's prayers for those
Who fearless face their country's foes!

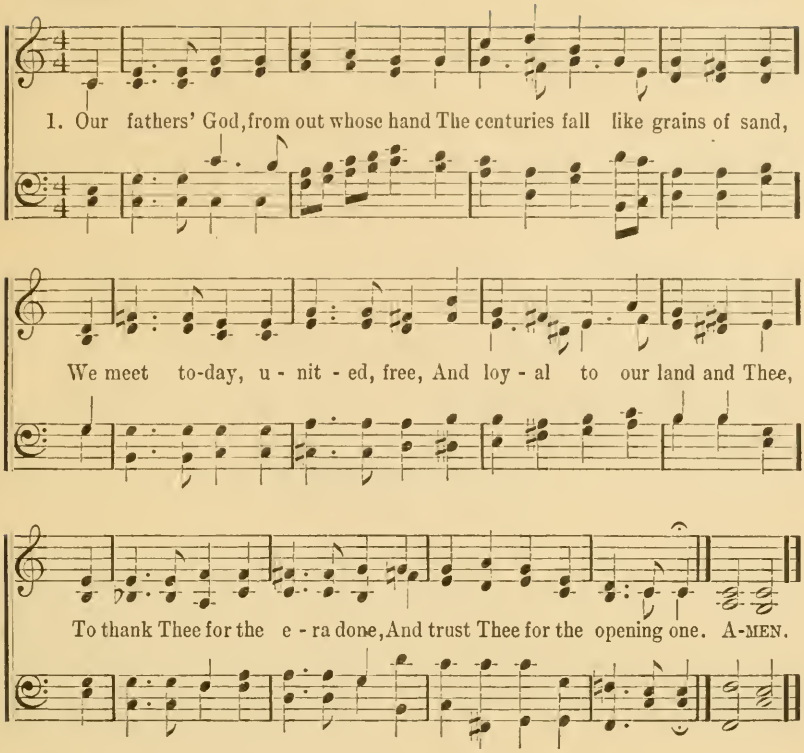
3 For those who weak and broken lie,
In weariness and agony—
Great Healer, to their beds of pain
Come, touch, and make them whole again!
O hear a people's prayers, and bless
Thy servants in their honr of stress!

4 For those to whom the call shall come
We pray Thy tender welcome home.
The toil, the bitterness, all past,
We trust them to Thy Love at last.
O hear a people's prayers for all
Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

5 For those who minister and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal,—
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,
And guard them from disease and death.
And in Thine own good time, Lord, send
Thy Peace on earth till time shall end!

16 John Oxenham

15 MELITA 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. J. B. DYKES, 1861



2 Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past, their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place,—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

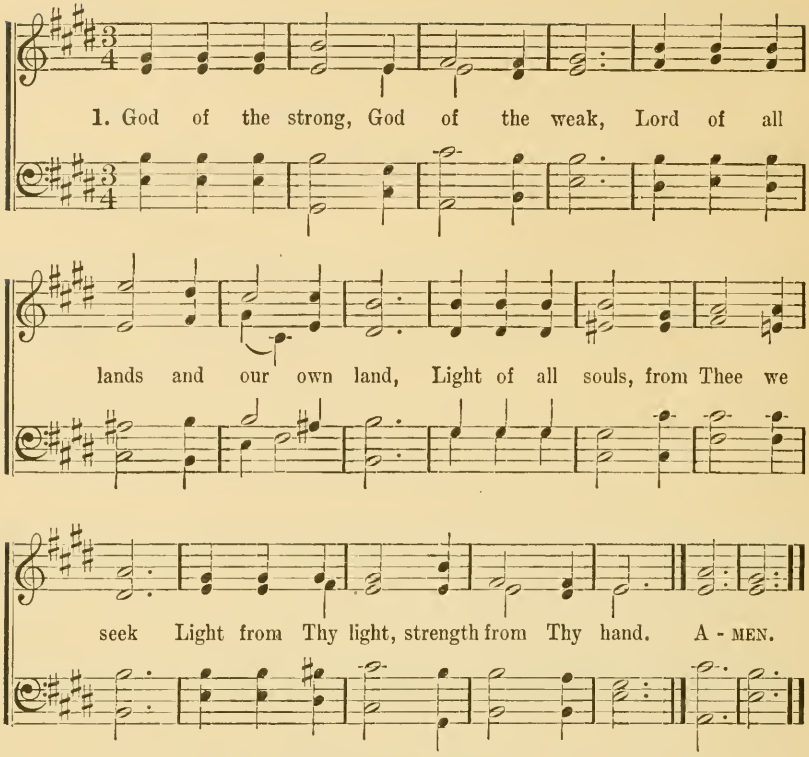
3 So let it be! In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,—
The light, and truth, and love of heaven.

4 O make us, through the centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

John G. Whittier, 1836-1876

16 ST. CRISPIN L. M.

GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1862



2 In suffering Thou hast made us one,
In mighty burdens one are we;
Teach us that lowliest duty done
Is highest service unto Thee.

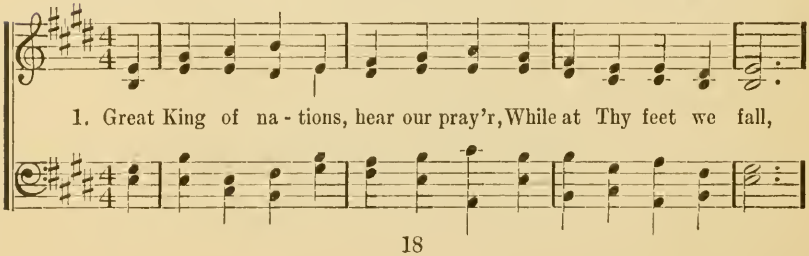
3 Teach us, great Teacher of mankind,
The sacrifice that brings Thy balm:
The love, the work that bless and bind;
Teach us Thy majesty, Thy calm.

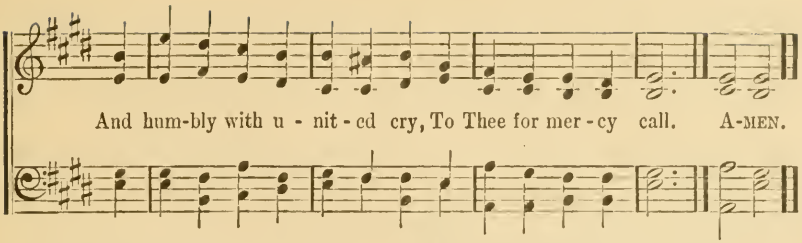
4 Teach Thou, and we shall know indeed
The truth divine that maketh free;
And knowing, we may sow the seed
That blossoms through eternity.

Richard Watson Gilder, 1903

17 DUNDEE C. M.

The Scottish Psalter, 1615





2 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
O turn us not away:
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

3 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

4 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

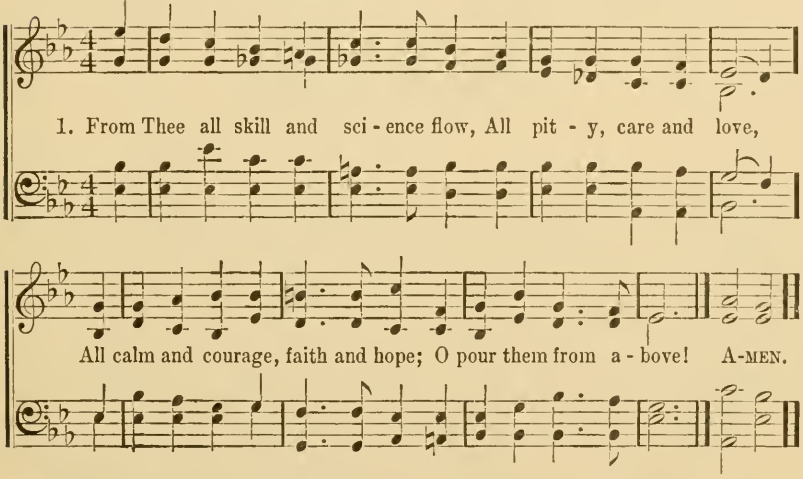
5 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

6 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1833

18 HOLY TRINITY C. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1861



2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

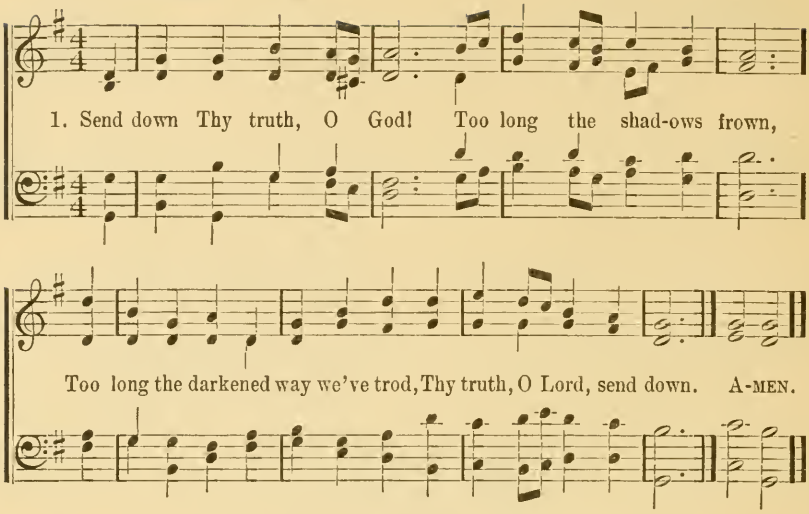
3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace,

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The paradise of God.

Charles Kingsley, 1872

19 ST. THOMAS S. M.

Arr. from GEORGE F. HANDEL



2 Send down Thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for Thy worship be,
Thy Spirit, O, send down!

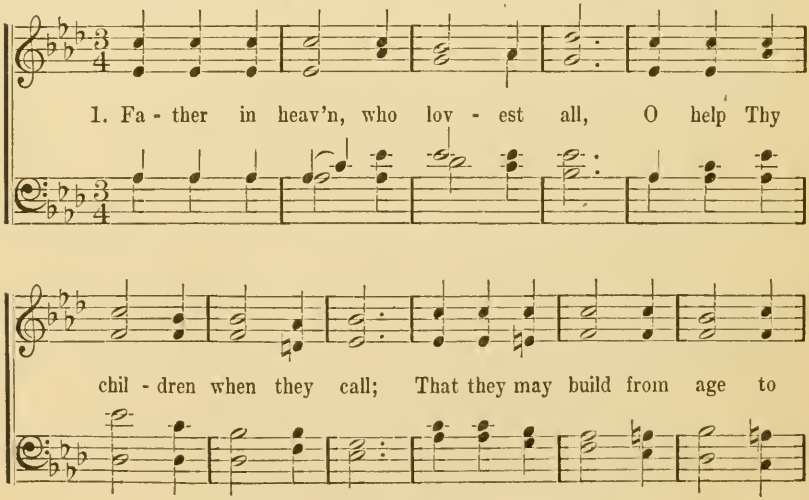
3 Send down Thy love, Thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife,
Thy living love send down!

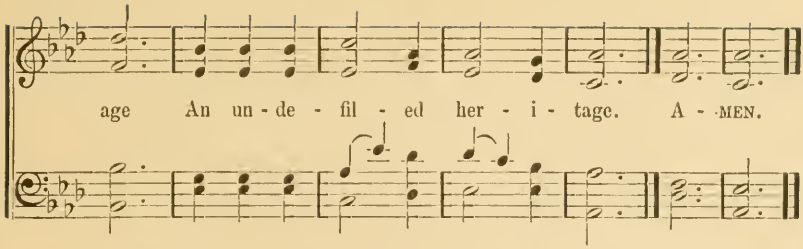
4 Send down Thy peace, O Lord;
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord,
Thy peace, O God, send down!

Edward R. Sill, 1867

20 PENTECOST L. M.

WILLIAM BOYD, 1868





2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

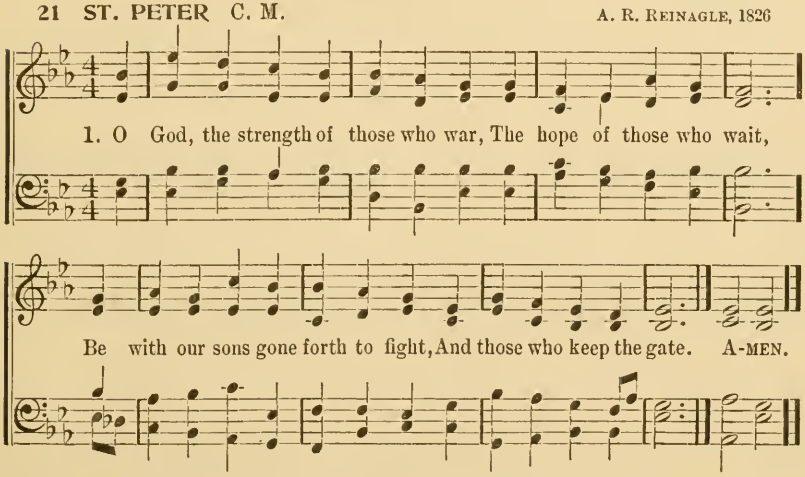
6 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

7 Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand thro' years to be.

Rudyard Kipling

21 ST. PETER C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826



2 We drew the sword to keep our troth
Free from dishonor's stain.
Make strong our hands to shield the weak
And their just cause maintain.

3 Give to our hosts in battle's hour
Firm hearts and courage high,
Thy comfort give to those who fall,
Thy peace to those who die.

4 Breathe on our land the spirit calm
Which faith in right bestows,
And in the hours of dark suspense
A faith which stronger grows.

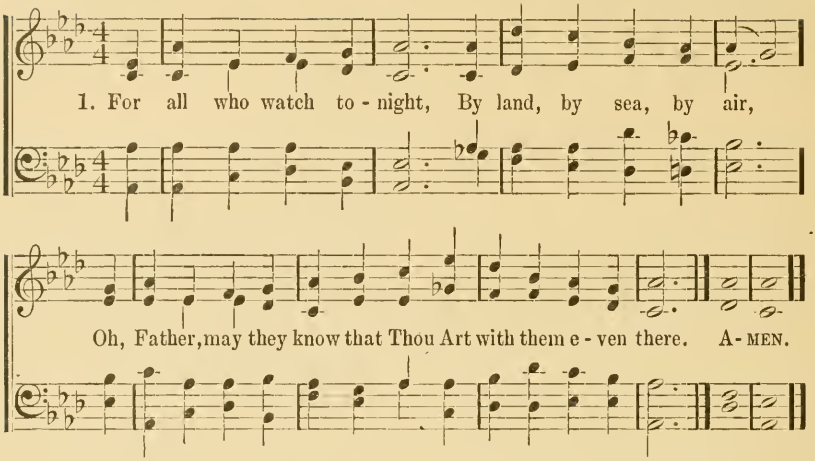
5 In Thee alone we place our hope,
Thou Keeper of the just,
And Thou, through fight and fire and fears
Wilt justify our trust.

6 Thy ways are wonderful, O God,
Who makest wars to cease;
O let this be the final war
That ushers in Thy peace.

Bishop William Boyd Carpenter

22 SCHUMANN S. M.

Mason and Webb's "Cantica Laudis," Boston, 1850



2 For all who weep to-night,
The hearts that cannot rest,
Reveal Thy love, that wondrous love
Which gave for us Thy Best.

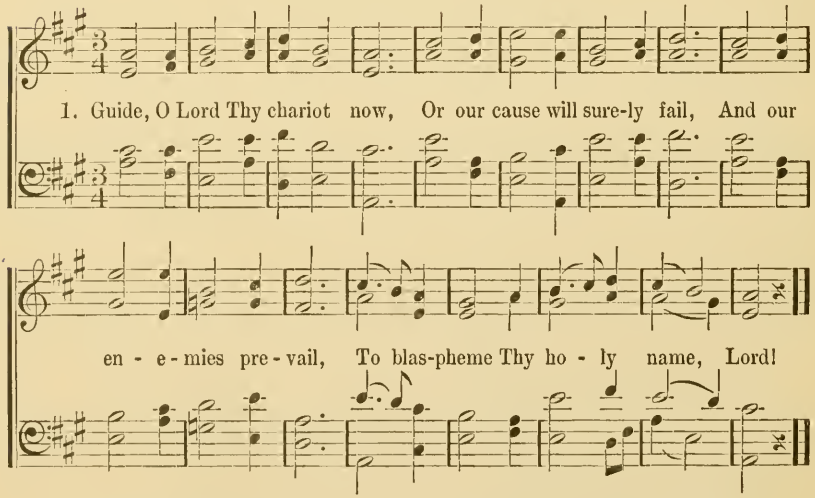
3 For all who wake to-night,
Love's tender watch to keep,
Watcher divine, Thyself draw nigh,
Thou who dost never sleep.

4 Our own beloved to-night,
O Father, keep, and where
Our love and succour cannot reach
Now bless them through our prayer.

Sent from the War Zone, North Sea

23 CHARIOT HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7.

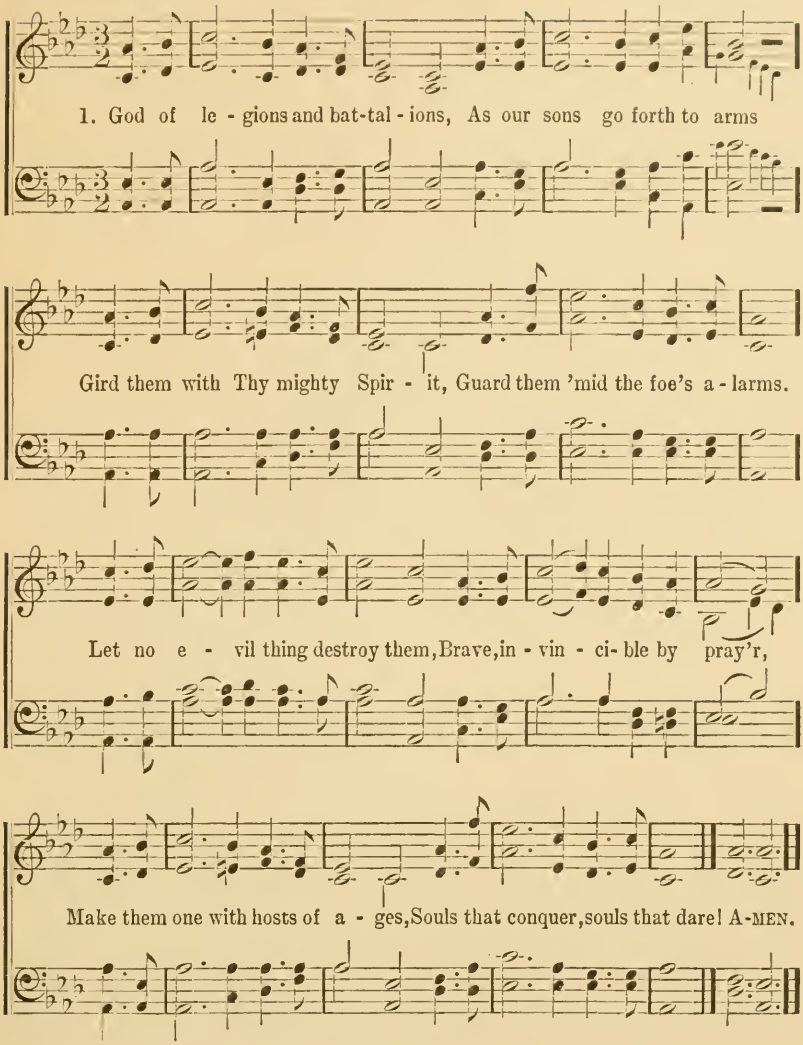
ULRIC ZWINGLI



2 God, exalt Thy holy name,
By destruction of their work,
Strengthen us, so we'll not shirk,
To defend Thy holy name, Lord!

3 Grant, that all the bitterness
May depart from our fair land;
Let us all united stand,
And bring praises on Thy name, Lord!

24 AUTUMN 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. Spanish Melody, arr.



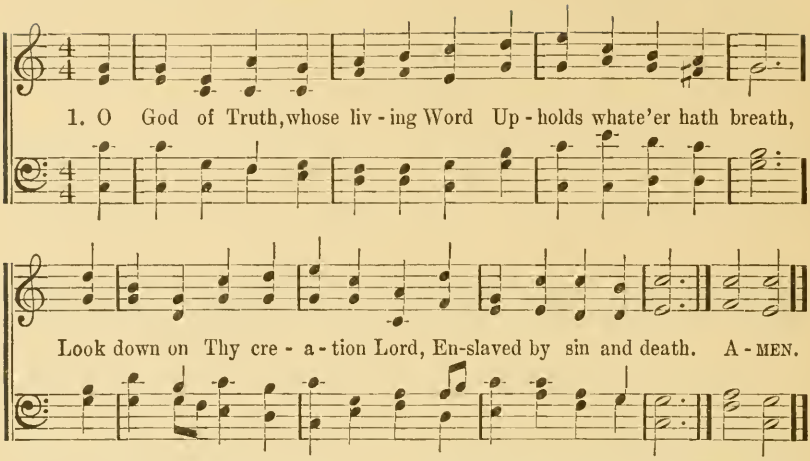
2 From the sky dark death is falling,
'Neath the wave the hid foe lies,
Hunger, terror and destruction
Fill the earth with anguished cries.
Shall Thy hand, O Lord, be shortened?
Nor Thine arm be strong to save?—
Oh, avenge unnumbered martyrs,
Build new grandeur o'er their grave!

3 And through long, proud generations
Shall the solemn tale be told:—
How our sons marched forth for freedom,
True and valiant, firm and bold.
Christ enthroned shall rule, triumphant,
Nations live in strength allied,
And the laws of truth and justice
Shall be kept and glorified!

Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay, 1917

25 ST. LEONARD (Smart) C. M.

HENRY SMART, 1867



2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the faithful and the true,
In raiment clean and white!

4 We fight for truth, we fight for God,—
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

5 Then, God of Truth for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

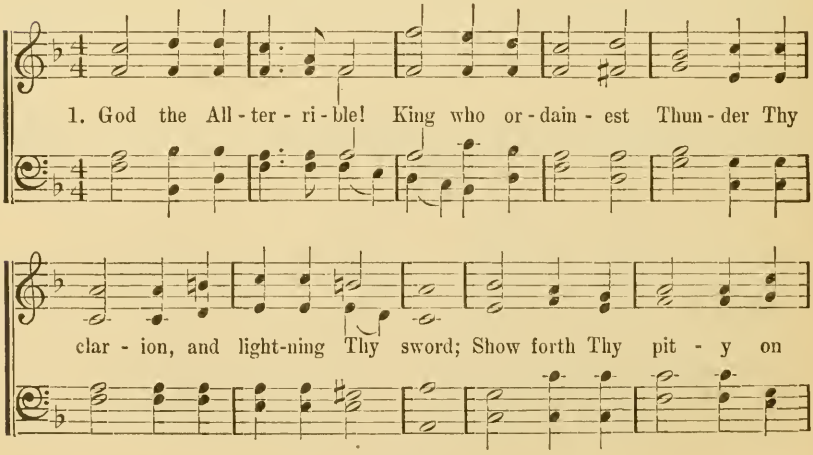
6 Still smite; still burn; till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

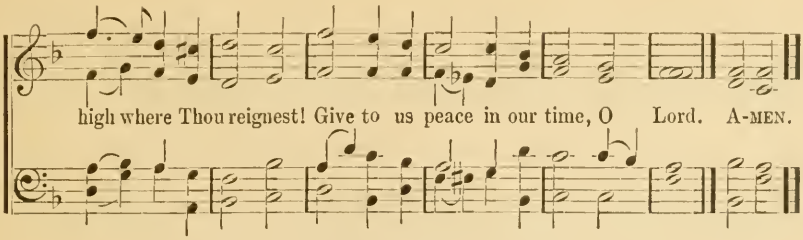
7 Yea, come: then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

Thomas Hughes, 1859

26 RUSSIAN HYMN 11. 10. 11. 9.

ALEXIS T. LWOFF, 1830





2 God the All-merciful, earth hath forsaken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted Thy word;
Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

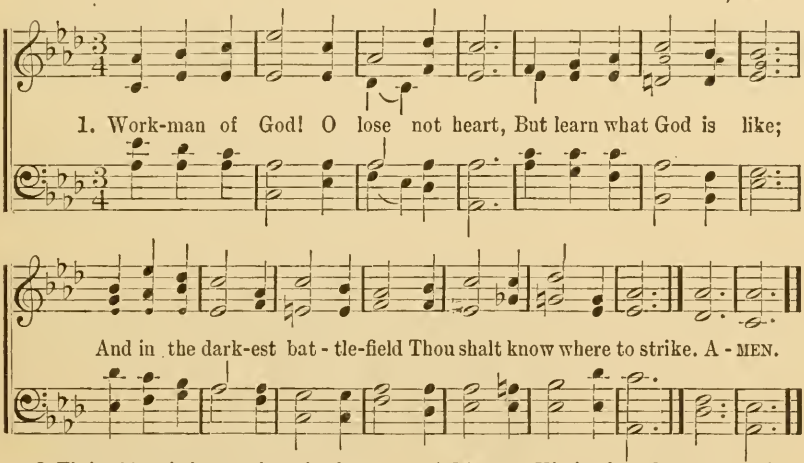
3 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee,
Yet to eternity standath Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

5 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

Henry F. Chorley, 1841
John Ellerton, 1870

27 BEATITUDO C. M. JOHN B. DYKES, 1862



2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

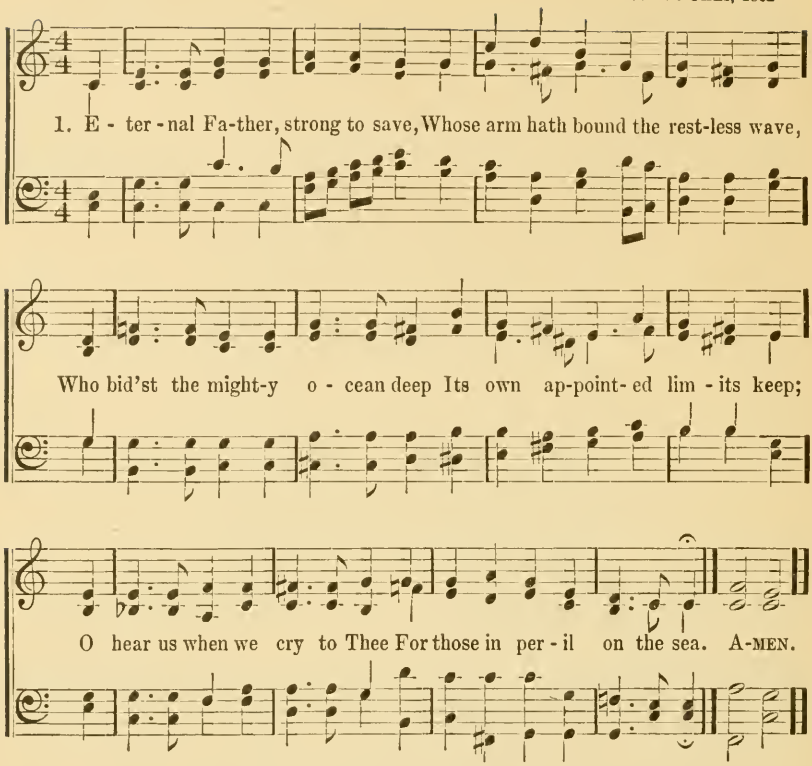
3 Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the road that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 Muse on His justice, downcast soul,
Muse, and take heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

5 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

F. W. Faber, 1848

28 **MELITA** 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. J. B. Dykes, 1861



2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1862

29 COMMONWEALTH 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. 8. 5.

JOSIAH BOOTH

1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
Not kings and lords, but na - tions! Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they, Let them not pass, like weeds, a-way,
Their her - i - tage a sun-less day. God save the peo - ple! A-MEN.

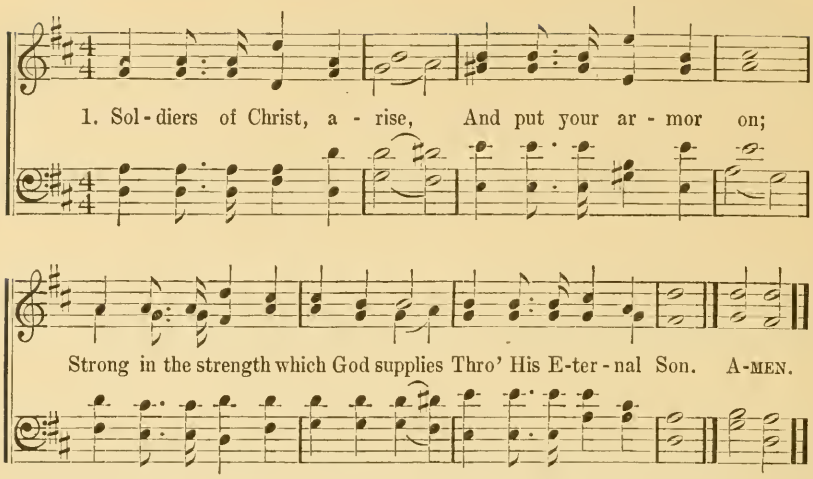
2 Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
No, say Thy mountains; No, Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend, instead of sighs.
God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair.
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

Ebenezer Elliott, 1781-1849

30 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST S. M.

WILLIAM P MERRILL, 1895



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2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

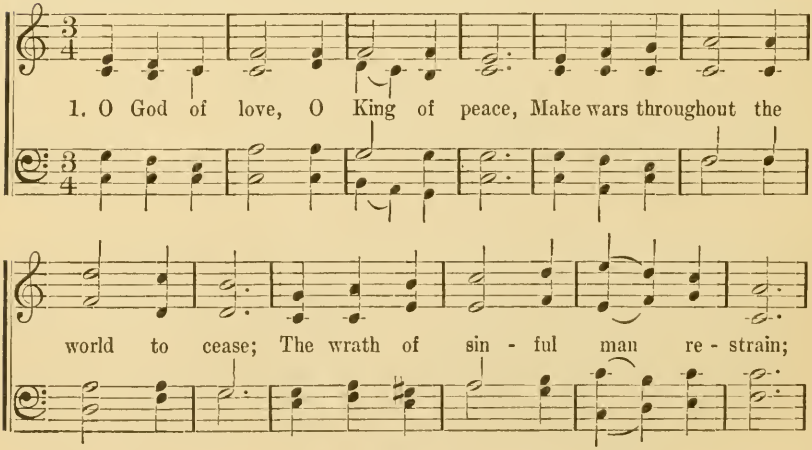
5 To keep your armor bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

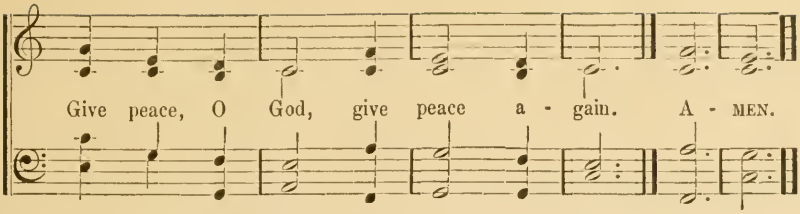
6 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

Charles Wesley, 1749

31 OMBERSLEY L. M.

WILLIAM H. GLADSTONE, 1872





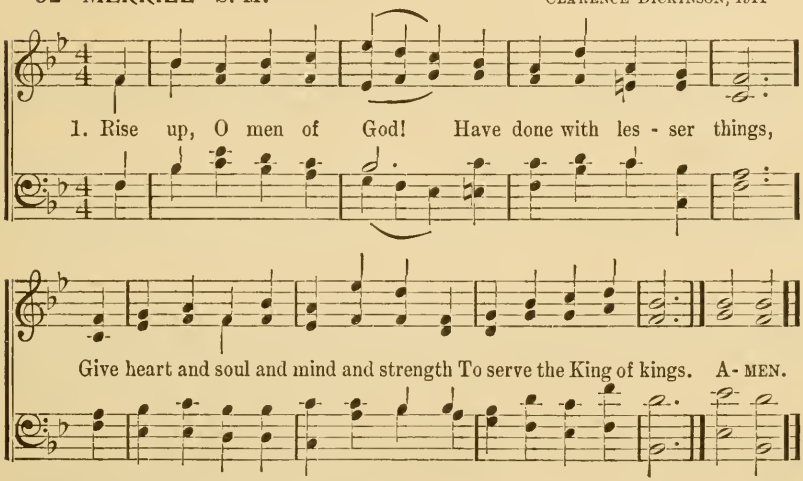
2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Henry W. Baker, 1865

32 MERRILL S. M.

CLARENCE DICKINSON, 1911



May be sung to ST. THOMAS. No. 19.

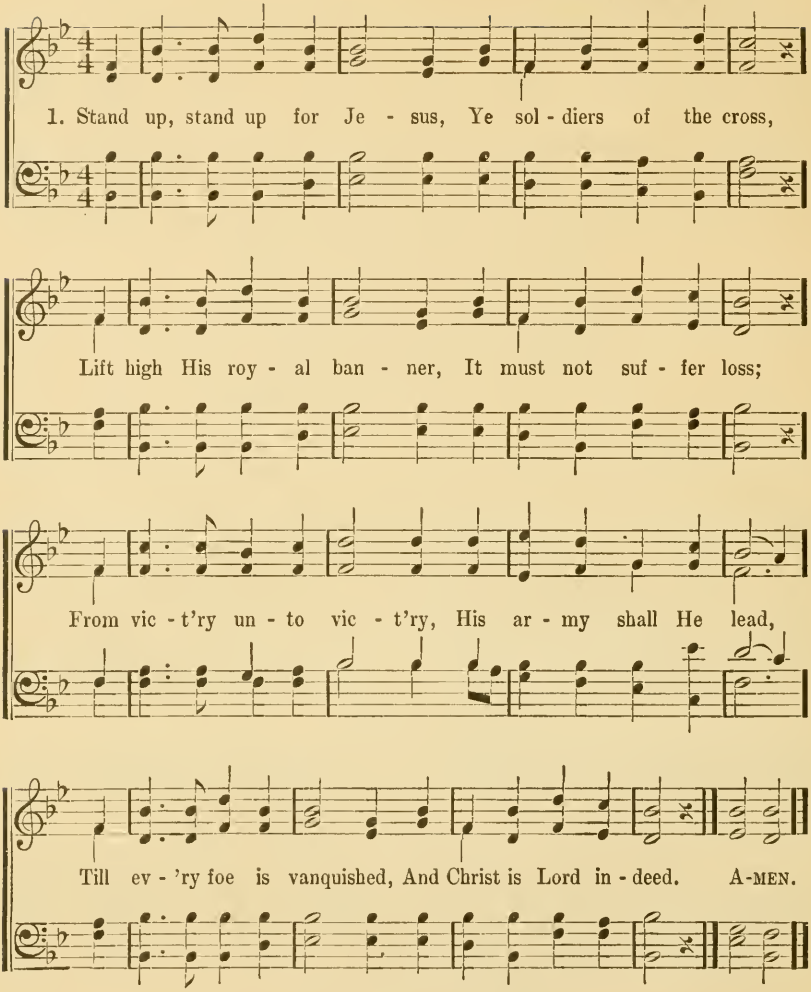
2 Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long;
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

3 Rise up, O men of God!
The church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to her task;
Rise up, and make her great!

4 Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod,
As brothers of the Son of man,
Rise up, O men of God!

William Pierson Merrill, 1911

33 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. GEORGE JAMES WEBB. 1830



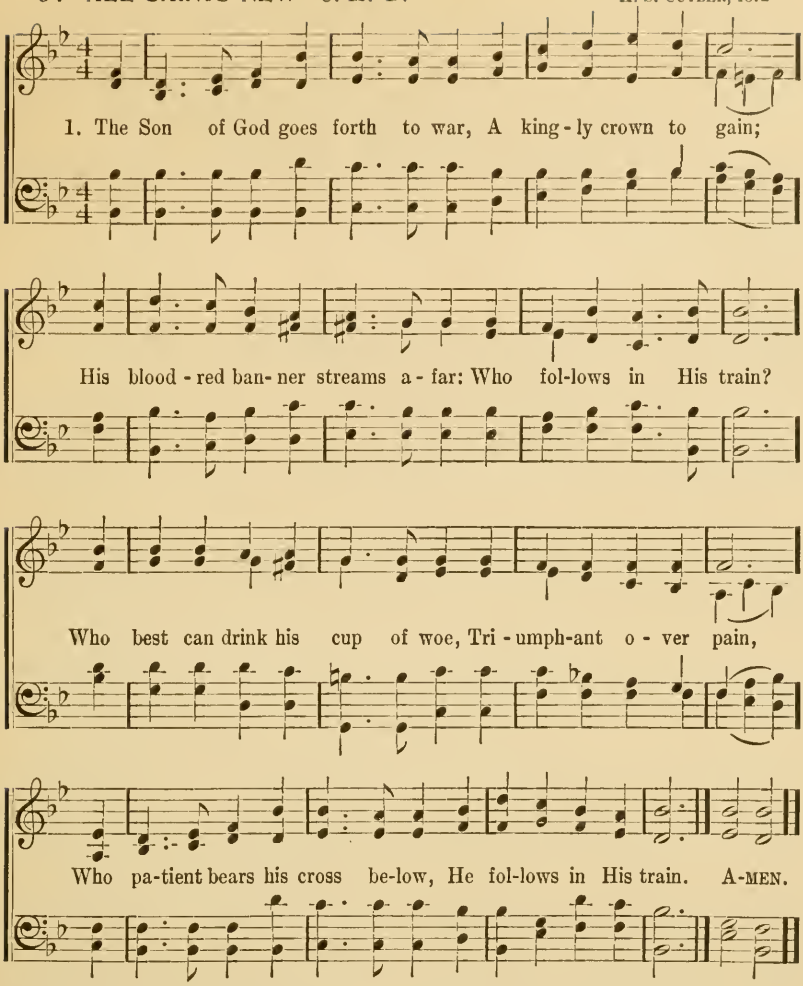
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, 1858

34 ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D. H. S. CUTLER, 1872



2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they [knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

35 ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5. With Refrain

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1872

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go- ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;

REFRAIN

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian sol- diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on be- fore. A-MEN.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—REF.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—REF.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—REF.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

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